7 APRIL '74

Dear Harold,

I got your letter OK but due to circumstances beyond my control, I couldn't answer it before now.

Yeah, I'd really dig seeing you but we might have a problem there. We aren't allowed any visitors who aren't relatives are who aren't on our visiting list. So when you come to the jail ask for Captain C.W. Rust or Lt. Knight and tell them that you are my uncle from Maryland, that you're here on business and want to see me. That should be sufficient.

'ol Top Badge (Lt. Knight) will bust his ass getting you a pass if he thinks that you're my uncle. Incidently he and I have become very good friends lately - no shit. So if I got a good buddy around here - it's 'ol Top Badge.

I go to court next month for eight cases of burglary and theft and one narcotic paraphandlia case. I'm also now suddenly without a lawyer at this last minute - isn't that sweet? Houston city police Dept.'s homocide division gave up asking me questions about Natty's death as I refused to cooperate but if I get out of here, they'll be bugging me to death. I plan on getting out of here too as I'm not guilty of burglary and theft - a farce to keep me in jail only.

(2)

What the Federal grand jury wants to ask me has nothing to do with Jim, his case, or his J.F.K. investigation. It concerns the international importation of illegal firearms and I've already been before them previously about the same stupid shit and plan on taking the 5th as I did before too so no sweat there. That's a story I never related to you yet but plan to someday. Believe it or not, I got involved in it innocently and naively. I don't think a Federal Grand Jury would believe that though so I'll stick to the 5th.

I made Lil a pair of love beads, I'll try to stick in with this letter. There ain't too much to do in solitary but - I stay busy making things from practically nothing. Every once in awhile I get a chance to steal a colored felt tip pen off of a passing badge and so have some far out posters hanging on the walls of my cell now.

Listen, everybody in this dungeon on both sides of the bars want me to write a book. Do you think we could pull it off together?

Well, keep in touch..... Uncle Harold ya hear.

Your Incarcerated
Mensch - Dave